



Tying Together Your Life

by Caroline Comeaux Lee
photo by Alicia Costa

I began crocheting when I was 19. It was the most stressful point in my life. I had just started my first semester of college, had moved to a different state where I knew no one, and to top off that ice cream sundae of life's situations, I had been diagnosed with an inoperable brain tumor three days before I moved to the school.

Once I learned the initial basic stitches, I was hooked (pun intended). I spent hours in my dorm room crocheting scarves or just crocheting a single stitch over and over. I would go into a completely meditative state and even if there was music or a TV on in the background, I never really absorbed what I was hearing. Now, many years later, crochet is my go-to therapy. In moments of stress and anxiety, my fingers begin to itch for the feel of the hook in one hand and the yarn in the other.